

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

"THOU shalt not get found out," is not one of God's commandments, and no man can be saved by trying to keep it.—*Leonard Bacon.*

WE have all at times found the comfort of a few words of prayer we had committed to memory. Emerson says of Carlyle's condition shortly after the death of his wife, that the loss preyed on him, and the chief comfort he found in his sleepless hours was in saying over and over again the Lord's Prayer.

THE following occurs in Macrae's "Americans at Home," p. 395:—"A friend who married a girl from Oberlin University said to me, 'The idea of kissing a girl who had studied anatomy, and knew quadratic equations, alarmed me at first; but after making the experiment, I found the kiss the sweetest I had ever got in my life.'"

"ATLAS," in the *World*, relates an amusing anecdote of the late Mr. George Dawson. He was at an early period of his life a Baptist preacher. Owing to dissensions with the members of his flock, he severed his connection with both congregation and denomination, and when he preached his last sermon in a Baptist pulpit he somewhat staggered his hearers by giving out as his text, "I thank God I baptised none of you."

THAT there are more conditions needed than the mere utterance of beautiful words to inspire trust, beget obedience, or infuse consolation, is manifest from the following. Anyone would think that the words, "God loves you," would always comfort. Not so; for we are told that one day a wife looked up pensively into her husband's face, and with tears she said, "Ah! no one loves me, Mr. Barnes." "Someone does." "Yes?" asked she, dropping her head and pressing his arm ever so little. "Yes, Miss Nellie," said the wretch, "God loves you." True; but this was not the solace just then needed.

WE can never too frequently call the attention of our young people, who have all some ambition, that "to achieve glory in any vocation they must deserve it." To write their names among the immortals they must struggle and achieve. God helps those who help themselves.

"You'd better strive and climb,

And never reach the goal,

Than to drift along with time—

An aimless, worthless soul.

Aye, better, to climb and fall,

Or sow though the yield be small,

Than to throw away day after day,

And never strive at all."

IT is very seldom the power of a Christian spirit is manifested so strikingly as is this little story we have from the Brahmo Somaj paper, the *Indian Mirror*. "There was an account in the papers, the other day, of a man who showed that he had the spirit of Martyr Stephen in him. His name was Joseph Robbins. He was a bridge watchman on a railway. He was murdered by a neighbour who wanted to get his money. The murderer was caught directly after. During the trial he made this confession in open court:—'I knew that Robbins had just received his month's wages, and I resolved to have his money. I got a shot gun and went to the bridge. As I came near to the watchhouse, on looking through the window, I saw Robbins sitting. His head and shoulder only could be seen. I raised the gun, took aim and fired. I waited a few minutes to see if the report of the gun had alarmed any one, but all was still. Then I went up to the watchhouse door, and found Robbins on his knees praying. Very plainly I heard him say: 'Oh God, have mercy on the man who did this, and spare him for Jesus' sake.' I was horrified. I did not dare to enter the house. I couldn't touch that man's money. Instead of this I turned and ran away I knew not whither. His words have haunted me ever since.' This man had the very spirit of Jesus. And it was knowing and believing the truth in Jesus which put this spirit in him. The truth that can do this for us is the best of all truth."

THE *Standard* has been calling Mr. Mundella's attention to his speech in London in which he was reported to have said that an Apostle had said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." The *Standard* cannot find the passage. If the writer looks into the epistle of the brave Apostle John Wesley, he will find it. This may be the Apostle Mr. Mundella meant. An old tar is reported to have said, at a meeting in Dublin a short time ago, he was often much encouraged at times by that beautiful passage of Holy Writ, "A faint heart never won a fair lady's hand."

ONE of the most eloquent and useful of preachers utters the following warning against aspiring to astonish by preaching:—"Every young man is aspiring, wants to do great things, and to preach great sermons. Great sermons, young gentlemen, ninety times in a hundred are nuisances. They are like steeples without any bells in them, things stuck high up in the air, serving for ornament, attracting observation, but sheltering nobody, warning nobody, helping nobody."

METHODISTIC CHANGES.—"How do you like your new minister?" said one Methodist to another the other day in our hearing, "Not much" was the reply, "How is this?" was at once the query, "Too much of hell," said he. "We thought him exceedingly mild and free from blame on this head, scarcely ever mentioning hell." "We prefer," said the other, "never to have hell fire mentioned at all." There is a steady growth of rational and humanitarian feeling even in the Methodist churches of our land. We may thank God and take courage in our work.

CURIOUS tricks are played at Forest Hill, near London. We posted some Unitarian bills some years ago, and a church lady had a man to go round and pull them all down. The same party may have been guilty of the following deception. We take the account from a newspaper:—"Forest Hill was the scene of much excitement on Friday, owing to an advertisement in a morning paper stating that a domesticated young lady was wanted 'to assist a lady in her household, to take the place of a lost niece, and receive all her advantages of salary, marriage-portion, and future provision in life, with a comfortable home.' An early train brought down some thirty or forty elegantly-dressed young women, nearly all travelling first-class, and the number of applicants during the first day was estimated at 500. A number came on the following day, and upwards of 180 letters were received by post. It appears that the advertisement was practically for a maid-of-all-work!"

A RECENT article in the *Jewish Chronicle* very forcibly illustrates the true idea of repentance and atonement, as found in the New Testament, not in Church creeds. The true repentance and the true atonement is to restore unto God, the story, in short, of the prodigal. "Not faith, not repentance alone, not even the fullest compensation for a wrong committed insures Divine pardon, but RETURN to Him from whom the offender through sin, as though it were, turned away, Whose presence he no longer felt, Whose countenance he no longer enjoyed. Return to Him it is which is to be aspired after, and not atonement. Atonement is an idea unknown to Judaism; atonement is an idea imported from Christianity into Judaism, from the Greek into the Hebrew Scriptures."

WE commend the following, from the *Building News*, to those who may feel some discontent with their houses:—"A gentleman became tired of his house, and determined to sell it. He instructed an auctioneer, famous for his descriptive powers, to advertise it in the papers for private sale, but to conceal the location, telling persons to apply at his office. In a few days the gentleman happened to see the advertisement, was pleased with the account of the place, showed it to his wife, and the two concluded it was just what they wanted, and they would secure it at once. So he went to the office of the auctioneer and told him the place he had advertised was such an one as he desired, and he would purchase it. The auctioneer burst into a laugh, and told him that was the description of his own house, where he was then living. He read the advertisement again, pondered over the 'grassy slopes, &c.,' 'beautiful vistas,' 'smooth lawns,' and broke out, 'Is it possible! Well, make out my bill for advertising and expenses, for I would not sell the place now for three times what it cost me.'"

CENTURIES ago Lord Bacon wrote his wonderful chapter of religious paradoxes. None of the following plain contradictions are to be found among them:—"It is believed that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the world, but that nine-tenths of the world will be for ever lost. It is believed Jesus tasted death for every man, but that millions will receive no benefit therefrom. It is believed that Jesus will reign till he subdues all things to God, but that a majority of mankind will be eternally unsubdued. It is believed all war is un-Christian, but that God will keep up a war in hell for ever. It is believed capital punishment is wrong, but that God will inflict capital punishment on all who leave

this world unregenerated. It is believed we ought to overcome evil with good, but that God will overcome it by inflicting an infinite evil. It is believed to be the duty of man to labour in season and out of season to regenerate his fellow man, but that God will defeat his labours by placing multitudes where salvation never can be attained. It is believed mankind are brethren, but that a devil will sever that brotherhood, and drag most of our race into the infernal regions. It is believed we should love our fellow-men, but that God hates nearly all of them with infinite hatred. It is believed we should imitate God, but if we did so, provided the creeds are true, we should be incarnate fiends. It is believed man by nature is religious, but that by nature he is totally depraved. These, and many others, are the contradictions of what is called Orthodoxy. Can that theory be all divine which so abounds with absurdities and contradictions?"

THE poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. If misfortune comes upon their friends, as it often does, their case is hopeless. The most forlorn and miserable woman on earth belongs to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round—the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skilled to labour is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor.

ONE of our ministers who thinks the Turks are not that bad and bloodthirsty people so many would have us believe, sends the following: When the Crusaders 777 years ago took Jerusalem, they put the Jews to death, and in three days massacred sixty thousand Turks. Prior to that when starving they ate the dead bodies of the Mahomedans. They were detected roasting human flesh, and their enemies said they were cannibals. When the Turks took Constantinople in 1453 they did not massacre the Christians. When Mahomet himself entered Mecca, he was a victorious, but not a vengeful leader. He said to the people of Mecca, "How shall I act towards you?" They said, "With kindness and with mercy." The tears came into his eyes, and he said, "I shall speak to you as Joseph spoke to his brethren. I shall not reproach you. God will forgive, He is the most merciful and compassionate."

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW YEAR.

WE have again crossed the portal of another year. Of the old year we have taken our farewell, and we turn to give a glad-some welcome to the new year. We perform these offices in the spirit of thankfulness and trust. To God alone we feel is known what this year may be to us. To Him alone we look that we may be prepared for whatever it may be destined, by Him, to bring to us. Humbly and hopefully we look forward and march onward, believing all its duties and cares, its joys and sorrows, may in some measure give to us the spirit and temper of his well-beloved son, and fit us for those higher and nobler engagements which will know no change of years or end of time.

The changes of one year are generally many and of much importance. At times we may wish to lift the veil to see what the future has in store. But it is better that we cannot draw aside the curtain which hides the future. We must all have experienced changes in the past which, if they had been foreseen, would have unfitted us for both the duties and enjoyments which have occupied our time.

We can do little more than wish each other well, as we begin the new year, and, so long as we are spared to be companions, in the spirit of kindness, help each other to do well. For nothing at last will afford us so much satisfaction as that we have been helpful to one another. We wish the readers of our little serial a "Happy New Year." All that happiness which springs from trust in the living God and a virtuous life—the peace of God which nothing earthly gives or can destroy. Then

"Break, new-born year, on glad eyes
break;

Melodious voices move;

On, rolling time! Thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

"Lord, from this year more service win—
More glory, more delight!

O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright.

"Then we may bless its precious things,
If earthly cheer should come;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
If Thou shouldst take us home.

"O golden then the hours must be,
The year must needs be sweet;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody,
Thine opening grace we greet."

A TALISMAN.

A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

A YOUNG man lay upon a sofa in a waking dream. His thoughts were in the future, and fancy dwelt with brilliant images. On the morrow he was to depart for a distant city, and there enter a law office to study the profession he had chosen. He had talents, and was ambitious. Up to this period of his life he had dwelt chiefly in the country, receiving his education at a college in the neighbourhood. He was pure-minded, and free from the vices that sensualise so many of our young men.

So lost was he in his waking dream, that present things faded out of his mind. He saw only success, the proud satisfaction that awaited him in the future.

"I will stand among the first," he said in his thoughts, with every pulse leaping in full throbs along the arteries.

A kiss upon his forehead dispersed his fancies, and instead of unreal things he saw the face of his mother bending over him. How full of love it was!—tender, yearning, anxious love.

"How can I let you go, Alfred?" she murmured.

"It is hard, dear mother," he answered, drawing his arm around her neck, and kissing her fondly in return, "but it is best. You see that as well as I do. I could live but half a life here in the country. You know I have talents and ambition for a wider sphere. You shall be proud of your son, dear mother."

On the next day he went away.

A large city is a dangerous place for a young man who has no charmed home-circle to draw him back from its many false enticements. If the young man's early years have been passed in the country, the danger is still greater.

"I will see what is to be," he said, communing with himself. "We must know the world if we tread its paths with sure foot. I am not afraid."

Social, witty and generous, he was not long without companionships. Within a few weeks from the time he entered the city, he was introduced to a coterie of young men, mostly law students, who

met two or three times a week for the purpose of self-improvement. They had a room fitted up with a library, and took many of the periodicals of the day; but cards, wine, and cigars occupied usually more of their attention than books and periodicals. The literary designation of their club was a mere feint to blind parents and curiously prying friends and relatives.

Our young friend saw, on the evening of his introduction to the club, that it was a false pretence, and its association demoralising; but the young men were so fresh and witty, the wine so exhilarating, and the cards so absorbing, that he soon found himself within the sphere of common enjoyment, and partaking with a zest.

He was not used to much wine; his second glass confused his senses for a little while, and the third gave him a strangely buoyant feeling that annoyed him. A sense of fear and shame accompanied this feeling, and he resolved to drink no more that evening. So he passed the bottle when it next came round; but his neighbour filled his glass for him, saying:

"Don't be afraid of this wine, it's no stronger than water."

He was lifting his glass when his hand stopped midway. Then he set it down, and did not touch the wine again.

"This is dull work," exclaimed one of the company, as he took the pack of cards and began to shuffle them at the close of the game.

"Let's have a shilling stake, just for the excitement of the thing. Even boys don't play marbles for fun, nor shoot at pennies, or pick eggs without the hope of winning. And what are we but boys of a larger growth?"

Portmonnaies were instantly in hand all around the table. Yielding to the common assent of this proposition, our young friend's hand went down into his pocket; but ere he drew it forth his hand was arrested almost as abruptly as if external force had been applied. Then rising from the table he left the room without saying a word, and never entered it again.

Knowing glances passed around the room.

"What's up?" asked one.

"Frightened!" said another.

"Oh! you must excuse him! he's just from the country," said a third, And then the game went on.

Said a fellow student in the law office to Alfred the next day:

"I wish I had left with you last night, but I hadn't the courage to break away."

Then drawing out his purse, he held it up, adding, "Every shilling gone, you see."

"What do you mean?" asked Alfred, lifting his brow in surprise.

"I am a plucked pigeon."

"And you knew it was wrong to gamble?"

"Of course I did, and wished myself well out of it when a stake was proposed, but hadn't your manly courage. How in the world did you muster up strength of mind to brave that whole company? I couldn't have done it."

"Because," was answered, "I saw things more to be dreaded than their scorn of displeasure."

The days and weeks moved on. Our young friend attracted strongly; he was a favourite with every circle in which he gained admission. Gradually some of the finer perceptions which he had thus brought with him into the city lost their delicate edge. He was not so quick to perceive danger; was less on his guard; many currents passed against him, bearing him too often away from safe channels.

His head grew less strong against wine; his ear less sensitive to unseemly speech; his eyes became tempters. Forbidden fruit was not looked upon with desire, but sometimes plucked and eaten, leaving upon the taste its after bitterness and disgust. And yet, among his companions, he was noted for a large degree of self-control; for the ability to stop at the point of danger, and go resolutely back, no matter who might take offence and sneer.

"He bears a charmed life," said many a weak one, sighing over his own debasement. "If I could only plant my feet as he does, and say: 'Not one step further in that wrong direction.'"

But of himself Alfred was not so strong. It was not the firm will that

saved him, but rather the charmed life. He had a talisman, and by virtue of that he was enabled to stand amid temptation where so many fell.

A year of city life wrought changes in our friend. He had grown manlier in appearance, and moved with a firmer step and more confident air.

The experience of that first year—the dangers and escapes—the new aspect of life it had revealed to our young friend, were lessons not to be unheeded.

One day during the first month of his second year in the city, our young friend was sitting alone in his proprietor's office late in the afternoon, when an acquaintance came in. He was a youth of superior talents, and like him had spent his earliest years in the country. The city's allurements had been too strong for him. He had fallen into many vices, and they had woven, like busy spiders, their half invisible cords about him, until he was held an almost powerless captive. He was pale; his eyes were congested from recent dissipation; his hand was hot and trembling as he laid it in that of his friend.

"How are you?" asked Alfred.

"Don't ask me; you see how I am—wretched," was the unhappy reply.

"Are you sick?"

"Yes—in body and mind. Oh! I wish I were dead."

"There is a better, a braver, and a manlier wish than that," replied Alfred.

"For one like you, perhaps, who have gone through the fire unharmed; but not for me, I have no will, no power. My good resolutions are like flax, and my appetite like flame. How did you stand, when I and so many like me went down?"

"Not in my own strength," replied Alfred, his face growing serious.

"You moved against those evil allurements as if you were in armour against them. Ah! how often have I envied your power to stop at the right moment. I have seen you leave a card table when a stake was proposed; I saw you push aside the bottle when others were drowning reason and self-control; I have seen you turn your back shuddering when siren voices were in your ears, and others went madly on to folly and disgrace. How was it?"

"I had a talisman," said Alfred, "and through that I was safe."

"What is it?" The young man looked up quite hopeful at his friend.

"Let me tell you about it," Alfred's voice softened, and his eye had a tender light. "On the day before I left home I was lying on the sofa dreaming of the future. My heart was full of grand anticipations; I saw a splendid career before me. The picture that my fancy created was full of allurements. From this dream I was suddenly awakened. A warm kiss touched my forehead again, and I feel it with strange distinctness. Then comes a vision of that tender, loving face, and I start back with a shudder. It seems for a time as if my mother's eye was resting upon me."

Silence followed.

"I have no mother," was answered in a sad voice. "When I went out from my home, no talismanic kiss was printed on my forehead."

"Have you a sister?"

"A faint light flashed into the young man's face.

"Yes," he replied, and his voice trembled a little. "I have a sister. Dear girl! It would break her heart to see me as I am now!"

"Is not her pure kiss now on your lips and cheeks?"

"Yes, yes!" The voice shook, still more.

"Then be that sister's kiss your talisman."

"God bless you!" cried the young man, grasping Alfred's hand. "My feet are touching bottom! I feel the commencement of resisting power. Oh! the flood shall not overwhelm me again. My sister's kiss shall save me!"

He trembled; light warmed his pale face; hope looked out of his eyes.

"Let it be talismanic to restrain as well as protect," said Alfred. "Let its sweet influence hold you back from dangerous ways and evil companionship. We often fall for going into slippery places. It is easier to keep away from temptation than to resist its influence."

"Thank you, my friend, for that warning," answered the young man. "It shall be heeded. Yes, yes," he added, speaking hopefully, almost cheer-

fully, "my talisman shall restrain."

You would hardly have known him a month after. The pale exhaustion of his face was gone; his mouth was firm and confident, his eyes clear, his step elastic.

"How well you are looking!" said Alfred, meeting him one day.

"You keep the talisman?"

"Ah! it is here," and he laid a finger softly on his lips—"My sister's kiss. God bless her!"—By T. S. ARTHUR.

A SERMON FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—John xiii. 17.

I. "These things," that is, your duties. You have duties wherever you are:

1. At home, obedience and respect to parents, and kindness to brothers, sisters, and servants.

2. At school, respect to teacher, faithfulness in study, and fairness in play.

3. At church, be quiet, listen, worship, and give your hearts to the Saviour.

4. In the street, good manner, modesty, kindness, minding your own business.

II. How should you do your duty?

1. Not for pay. That is a low motive. Some always ask, "What will you give me?"

2. But from love. So the Saviour did when a boy at Nazareth. So the angels do God's will—which is only another name for duty. This will make you do it cheerfully.

3. Better every day. By trying to do your duties, you will become more skilful. So you improve in reading, writing and music. Peter says, "Grow in grace."

III. Doing duty makes you happy. Sin cannot make you happy. Sin did not make Eve happy, nor Cain, nor Judas. Disobedience at home does not make you happy; idleness, unkindness, bad manners, no kind of sin can make you happy.

But happiness comes from doing your duty. That is God's reward. This is the promise in the text. Think of this every day for just one week, and see how true it is.

CHRISTIANITY AS A MORAL POWER.

THE experiences of one who has been "outside" have convinced him that Christianity is the greatest living moral power. There may be imperfections in it, errors and superstitions; but, notwithstanding these, it contains the best and noblest spirit of the day, and within it is the highest promise. Underneath all its dogmas and ceremonies and stiff formalism there is flowing on a moral evolution that is continually clothing it with fresh meaning and power. Christianity is not a mere set of opinions; if so, it might be easy to overthrow it. But it is much more than that; it is a *life* transmitted through centuries of toil and struggle, and hope and triumph; and its mighty mission is not yet ended. All the opinions now connected with it may disappear, and yet that life made illustrious by the work and memory of Jesus will still expand.

It is said that there is hypocrisy in the Church, and narrowness and bigotry. This is admitted; but do not the same things exist outside of the Church, and in a greater degree?

It is said also that many of the noblest men and women of the race stand outside of Christianity, and do not rely upon it for moral force. This is granted; but we are not to judge Christianity by those who do not profess it, but by those who do. One may be a poet without reading Shakespeare; yet that does not prove that Shakespeare is worthless. He may be the greatest of poets, even though he does not inspire everybody. The way to judge Christianity fairly is by its effects upon those who actually call themselves Christians, who claim that their life comes from the life of Christianity; and we must admit that there is a glorious company of such, to whom it is indeed a divine impulse.

I am also disposed to think that those who are hypocrites in the Church would be as bad and even worse hypocrites outside of it. Those who are narrow-minded, bigoted, mean, and small in the Church would be just the same outside of it. It is not the Church that makes them so. I think, on the whole, the Church mellows them a bit, puts a little shame into them; and if the

Church were swept away these same people would be more narrow-minded, bigoted, mean, and small, and just as uncomfortable to deal with. At least I have found all these characteristics in some of those who call themselves "liberals," and I don't think that joining the Church would do them any harm. Had only this kind of people existed upon the globe the Church would never have been established. It has been built up through the ages by aspiring souls, and their life is still flowing through it, and gives the law to it. These unworthy members are merely barnacles. They do not constitute one iota of the thing itself. They may eventually sink the ship, but they never hoisted its flag or set its sails; and if they sink the ship and float in the wide waters of "free religion" they will be barnacles still.

None of those who stand outside of Christianity have organised, so far as I know, any practical moral movement. There may be a desire for this among the refined and elevated souls, but no such desire exists among the masses of so-called "infidels;" at least such a desire is very faint and casual. The generality of them are perfectly satisfied with what they already are; and will spend neither time nor money to help make themselves or others any better. They would like to overthrow Christianity as an opinion, but have no purpose to put into its place a nobler and truer life.

Those who stand outside of Christianity and wish to remove it as an incumbrance from the earth must do something vastly more than show that its prevailing opinions are false. They must, like Jesus and Paul and John, set a mighty moral movement going. They must organise a grander life than what is in Christianity, and produce more glowing fruit. The very moment that a moral movement flows on and surges to something more divine and beautiful than that which Christianity now offers to our toiling humanity, that very moment will Christianity be removed; but not until then. It must be put aside by a sublimer enthusiasm, not by superior intellectual correctness. Paul and John might have argued for

ever about the falsities and crudities of the ancient religions and they would not have subverted them. But they came with a glorious message out of their own heart's life, and organised it into practical activities, and set men to living it, and so they triumphed and put new glory into history.

Prove that the creed of Christianity is false and you but touch its skin; the heart is still beating, and life flames upon its brow. Give the world a grander soul working into nobler everyday activities, and it will gladly welcome the displacing power. But give the world only intellectual propositions that are perhaps a little more correct than the old statements, and flash a little more light into things, but kindle no warmth, no glory in human hearts, and we may be sure that the world will still cling to the sun-bright, familiar way along which so many flowers have already bloomed and such kindling splendours flashed. This universe is not a triangle whose bare qualities are to be explained; it is a *soul* into which we must live.

Christianity welcomes and assimilates new thought, but it will never give way to mere thought. It will yield its splendid crown only to that which springs exultant from man's moral nature. It bows down to no Darwin or Spencer, though it gratefully accepts their brilliant labours. Only when a new Christ comes, with ampler hope and promise from the skies, with burning soul to make our "common daily life divine," will Christianity acknowledge its mission ended. There must be a fresh and original influx of the Eternal God into humanity before it will cease to be. It will give way only to a diviner moral impulse. Such an impulse is not yet moving upon the world, and Christianity is still the highest and best. Having been "inside" and "outside," this is a conclusion derived from actual matter-of-fact experience.—*Samuel P. Putnam.*

THE CHRIST-LIKE MAN.

"He loved the world that hated him; the tear That dropped upon his Bible was sincere; Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife, His only answer was—a blameless life, And he that forged, and he that threw the dart, Had each a brother's interest in his heart."

OF KINDNESS IN SPEECH.

"Did you have a pleasant time at our house, Hector?"

"No, I didn't; I was glad to get home again."

This was what I heard a pleasant-faced lady ask a boy concerning a visit he had made with some other children at her house by invitation a few days since, and this was the curt reply he made to her. The lady blushing expressed her regrets at the failure of her efforts to make the little party a pleasant one, but Hector didn't smooth down the rough corners of his speech, and only added, "It was too stupid for me."

"What a rude, uncivil boy that was," you are ready to say. But I think Hector did not mean to be so rude; it was more from mere thoughtlessness than any intent to hurt feelings, and this is just the reason I am talking to you about him.

If I thought his careless words or yours came from a vicious, bad heart, that was rather glad to inflict pain than otherwise, I fear what I have to say would not reach you, or do you much good if it did. But it is because these inside hurts, which are so difficult to repair or forget, are oftener made from thoughtlessness than design, and because I wish you and Hector to think about your thoughtlessness, that I write.

It is not enough to be kind in action, but we should be kind and considerate in speech. We sometimes extract all the sweetness from a favour and even render it bitter to the recipient by our manner of conferring it. Most of us recoil from inflicting a blow on the body of another, but many of us are quite thoughtless of how we give inside bruises; yet the body recovers from the rude handling much sooner than the feelings. An outside wound soon heals over; it is the inward hurt that chafes and rankles, and is slow in healing.

I feel the same old tingling pain to-day as I recall certain harsh words which were said to me when I was a deal younger than I am now. I remember a little instance, too trivial to mention except for the fact that the

pain it gave will not let me forget it. We had a rich uncle of influence and power, rather mighty in the eyes of us children, and once on his arrival at our house, when making one of his not very frequent visits, it came to my little turn to shake hands with him, when I rather timidly put out my left one. "The other hand, the other hand, child," gruffly and severely said the big uncle. My hand dropped by my side as if it had been stung, and there was a sting of injured mortified pride that always came back to me whenever I took the hand of the mighty man thereafter. The unkind tone of the rebuke would have better fitted a theft or a falsehood than a childish mistake of putting out the wrong hand. I have always known my right hand from my left since, but the knowledge was dearly gained.

"Be cautious," is an inspired injunction given for the good of every one, and it cannot be set aside without great harm. I have heard of one man; but I fear his descendants are not numerous, who could deny a person a favour so graciously that it seemed as pleasant as if granted by any other. Do you say that we cannot live on smiles and pleasant words? True. But with a tolerable supply of bread and butter they do sweeten life wonderfully. There is a talismanic charm in polite speech, while a rude, abrupt manner is always forbidding.

I know a famous man who preaches, and writes, and lectures for the good of his fellows. He teaches courtesy, forbearance, and goodwill in an eminent degree, and a forgiveness so broad, and full and free, that it makes my own seem but half-way pardons, as if still holding on to a piece of the old grudge. Well, this benevolent teacher was interrupted in his business office by a fellow-worker, who wished to make a simple inquiry, and to get perhaps a little insight in a matter of common interest to both men. The modest man prefaced his question by saying in a diffident manner, "Excuse me, sir, but I wish to know"—He got no farther for he was answered in a brusque, churlish tone, "I'll excuse you, sir, at once." And the man, stunned as if he

had been dealt a severe blow, the pain of which crimsoned his cheeks and neck, turned and went out. The great moral teacher was left to go on with his work undisturbed, but his sermons and books on the law of kindness will be but an empty sound to the brother who was cut to the quick by his cruel rebuff, and who could doubtless teach this famous reformer that courtesy is not below the dignity of true greatness.

Be tender of any misfortune or infirmity in another. The heartlessness that can caricature a bodily defect or make fun of any weakness, or oddity, or awkwardness, arising from ignorance, when perhaps the avenues of knowledge have been closed by outward circumstances, is wicked. I remember an admonition once given by a grammar teacher, and I think it has been of more real worth to me than all the rules, together with the exceptions, in Murray's big collection, as important as they are. Some of us school girls were in the habit of exchanging knowing smiles, giving sly nudges, and meaning winks to each other in the class, over the mistakes of a scholar who had been denied the advantages of an early education, yet was bravely striving to repair these neglects, and ought to have had our sympathy and help instead of our sneers. One day when we had ridiculed a mistake till our classmate's cheek burned with mortification, the teacher said kindly but feelingly, "Scholars, it is well to have learning sufficient to correct the errors of speech in another, but it is better to have kindness and good sense enough to overlook them; this is heart-lore, and there is no head-knowledge to compare with it." We merited the reproof and profited by it.

Do not hurt the feelings of others by saying sharp, sarcastic things. It is better to dispense with that questionable reputation of being smart, than merit one of cruelty. A person pushing his way through a crowd, dealing blows right and left, thrusting his sharp elbows in the sides of this one, and stepping on the soft corns of that one, is considerate and tender in comparison to one who treads on the sacred feelings of his neighbour, or stabs him in a

tender place with the sharp blade of sarcasm, or stings him with ridicule. It is the sweet little courtesies, dropped like flowers by the wayside, that make life summery and fill it with fragrance.
—BETH. H. MILLER.

EASY GRAMMAR FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

FIRST comes the little particle
Grammarians call an *article*,
And then the mighty *noun*;
Great store of fancies that may bring,
A *noun*, it may mean *any thing*,
A *person* or a *town*.

To *adjectives* great thanks we owe,
The *qualities* of nouns they show,
And their *degrees* compare;
By them you may express your mind,
Say *good* or *bad*, as you're inclin'd,
Or *witty*, *wise*, or *fair*.

When nouns repeated tiresome prove,
That inconvenience to remove,
Another word we'll show;
He, *she*, or *it*, may do instead,
And *this*, and *that*, may lend their aid,
They're *pronouns* called, you know.

And now your best attention turn
The different kinds of *verbs* to learn,
Both *active verbs* and *neuter*;
To *live*, to *sit*, to *walk*, to *run*,
Or anything that may be *done*,
Past, *present*, or in *future*.

Don't let the next your thoughts disturb,
It shows the manner of the *verb*,
And often ends in *ly*;
To *adjectives* it lends its aid,
Adverb its name—don't be afraid!
You'll learn it if you try.

A *preposition* serves to show
Relation between things you know:
If *in*, or *by*, or *near*,
You before *noun* or *pronoun* place,
Its meaning we distinctly trace,
And find the sentence clear.

Conjunction is a kind of thing
That, like a piece of silk or string,
Ties sentences together:
Thus, Tom and Ned are very good,
And they shall walk to Primrose Wood,
If it be pleasant weather.

When people call out *Ah!* or *Oh!*
I'd have my little pupils know
They use an *interjection*.
And now I hope you'll learn this rhyme,
Or I shall think I waste my time,
And that's a sad reflection.

SING MORE.

CULTIVATE singing in your family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your childhood sang, bring them all back to your memory, and teach them to your little ones; mix them all together to meet the varying moods as in after-life they come over us so mysteriously at times. Many a time, in the very whirl of business, in the sunshine and gaiety of the avenue, amid the splendour of the drive in the park, some little thing wakes up the memories of early youth—the old mill, the cool spring, the shady tree by the little school-house—and the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheeks, the smiling faces, and the merry eyes of school-mates, some of whom are grey-headed now, while most have passed from amid earth's weary noises. And, anon, “the song my mother sang” springs unbidden to the lips, and soothes and sweetens all these memories. At other times, amid the crushing mishaps of business, a merry ditty of the olden time breaks in upon the ugly train of thought, and throws the mind in another channel; light breaks from behind the cloud in the sky, and new courage is given us. The honest man goes gladly to his work, and, when the day's labour is done, his tools are laid aside and he is on his way home, where wife and child and the tidy table and cheery fireside await him, how can he but have music in his heart to break forth so often into the merry whistle or the jocund song? Moody silence, not the merry song, weighs down the dishonest tradesman, the perfidious clerk, the unfaithful servant, the perjured partner.

“We accord,” says a gentleman who has written much, “our unqualified endorsement of the above; and even now, although we have passed our three-score years, the songs of our youth are often resurrected, and we love to hum them over again, and often do so, in the lone hours of the night when there are none to hear save ourself and the drowsy ‘gray spiders on the wall,’ and while doing so, we feel less inclined toward ‘treason, stratagem and spoils’ than at any other hour within the twenty-four. We fondly look back to

the days when we were as musical as a hand organ—and perhaps as ‘cracked’ as many of them, too—those days when we so lightly touched the keys to the measure of the songs we sang. We often regret that time, circumstance, and advancing years have so effectually quieted our vocal muse; still we revert to the ballads of yore, and mentally exclaim,

“Sing me the songs that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago; long, long ago.”

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS.

LIVE within your means. This is a good rule for office-holders and business men generally. When the man of moderate income endeavours to live as expensively as a man of wealth, his future can easily be written; a little enjoyment, periods of anxiety, burdensome debts, a desperate struggle to keep up appearances, ultimate bankruptcy, and a red flag to notify the neighbours that the sheriff is master of the situation. One half the dishonesty of the present age springs from this foolish practice of imitating the style of others. The man of a thousand a year wants to live equal to the one who receives five, he in turn aspires to make as big a show as the one who receives ten, and the receiver of ten labours to keep pace with the one who counts his income among the fifty thousands. Is it any wonder that so many fail in business, or forfeit by their misconduct the confidence of friends? We must come back to our old-fashioned way of living, and this can be done only by obeying that injunction, live within your means.

Life is altogether too short to destroy its enjoyments by taxing soul and body to keep up false appearances. Contentment comes with moderation; mental suffering and keen anguish with extravagance. To the young man just starting in life we say, live within your means. To the man of business pursuing success, we say, live within your means. To the office-holder who hopes through honourable conduct to merit promotion and distinction, we say, live within your means. To all who labour for honour or profit, we commend

the motto as a safe and sensible one, and one that will pay compound interest in the end. A faithful adherence to it by old and young, rich and poor, will restore confidence in business and official circles, and fill the land with happy homes, from which will emanate a spirit of purity essential to the maintenance of public virtue.

MY THREE TREASURES.

A FLOWER, exquisite to behold,
Once in my garden bloomed;
With fragrance rare
It filled the air,
And all my life perfumed.
An angel plucked my treasured flower,
And bore it up to heaven,
Its beauty rare
Unfolding there;
'Twas only lent, not given.
A lovely little olive plant
Beside my table grew,
With gentle grace
And angel face,
Exceeding fair to view.
The blight of sin, the dear Lord said,
Its beauty soon would dim:
I loved it well,
But said farewell,
And gave it back to Him.
One morn a tiny birdie came
And nestled on my breast;
And, folded there,
With loving care,
It sought no other rest.
My birdie with me yet remains,
To cheer me with her song;
Each day I pray
And “Father” say,
“Her precious life prolong,
To bless and brighten all my home,
One little beam of sun;”
Yet still I pray
For grace to say,
“Father, Thy will be done.”

THE SLEEPING BABE.

THE baby wept.
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain
alarms,
And baby slept.
Again it weeps.
And God doth take it from the mother's
arms,
From present pain, and future unknown
harms,
And baby sleeps, —Hind.

THE RELATION OF A TRUE LIFE TO A TRUE THEOLOGY.

It is very instructive sometimes to note how singularly cause and effect seemed to change places, or, in other words, how they act and react on each other, and weave each its respective threads over and under those of the other, until it would be difficult to assign to each its part of the common web.

Right doctrine, when sincerely believed, undoubtedly leads, as its legitimate cause, to right conduct, or a just and good life. The latter is the effect of the former. But sometimes also right conduct, by a very natural process, leads to the adoption of right doctrine. A very good man cannot always hold a very bad creed; not if he allows himself to reason. So a very kind-hearted and benevolent man cannot, with much thinking, rest satisfied very long with a cruel and vindictive doctrine. Sooner or later the sympathies of the heart rebel against the faith of the head, and make successful revolution against its tyranny. So what in one case is the effect of right doctrine, in the other becomes the cause of it—at least to some extent.

It is on this account, in part, that we find satisfaction and encouragement in the steady growth of the philanthropic spirit of the present age, well persuaded of the action and reaction of this and kindred elements, till the world is renewed, and all the ends of the earth have remembered and turned unto the Lord. The noble enterprises of religion and benevolence which enlist so largely the sympathies of the Christian world; enterprises which have done so much to neutralise the inequalities and asperities of life, and promise so much in the amelioration of the social, moral, and physical condition of the millions, especially the poor, the sick and outcast—these multiplied and generous movements in behalf of suffering humanity, are not without their influence on the religious beliefs of the time. They are exerting a silent but efficient power in the work of reforming the theology of Churches, and changing the faith of their members. Uncon-

scious they may be of the influences by which they are coming round into nobler views of God, as well as more hopeful views of man, but of the fact itself they are quite conscious, quite certain, that their faith is slowly enlarging, and their confidence in the extent and efficiency of the Divine love steadily increasing.

In this we rejoice, not only for Truth's sake, but also for Love's sake; for it is easy to see how the more generous and merciful creed will reflect back again on the people its own spirit, and quicken to new enterprises of philanthropy, new zeal in the combat against evil. And so the work of regeneration, continually changing cause and effect, will go on both in faith and practice till the grand old prophecies of the Hebrew Scriptures, and the all-comprehending promises of the Gospel, shall be fulfilled, and sorrow and sighing shall be no more.

Looking to this point, let us ask the question, "What can a narrow and partial creed do with the philanthropy of this age! with the ever-extending spirit of fraternity, which is changing the temper and action of the nations, slowly moulding the forms of government, and reconstructing all our laws and social institutions? What possible result can follow the preaching in this mighty presence, and before its beneficent realities, the doctrines of the Church respecting the nature of man and the character of God? One only result is possible, and that is, not an increasing belief of these doctrines, but an increasing doubt, ending at last in an entire rejection of them, and of all their kindred. This is the prophecy respecting these Church dogmas, which the present pulse of the world's heart indicates as certain of fulfilment."—*Rev. Dr. Thayer.*

THE BEST THINGS.

The sweetest songs are those
That few men ever hear
And no men ever sing.

The clearest skies are those
That furthest off appear
To birds of strongest wing.

The dearest loves are those
That no man can come near
With his best following.

SIX REASONS FOR REJECTING THE DOCTRINE OF ENDLESS MISERY.

BECAUSE it would produce no conceivable good. Neither God nor man could be benefited by it. Suppose a parent should punish a child without interruption, as long as the child should live under the operation, where would be the *good* resulting from such a punishment? We do not here ask the reader what he would think of such a parent, but would the child in this case be benefited by such a chastisement? Certainly not. If, then, chastisement of such duration would not benefit the punished, will the subjects of eternal misery be benefited by enduring such a punishment as this? It cannot be pretended that they would.

2. "God is good, and doeth good." It is the nature of goodness to produce good, and a good God could not inflict punishment, but for a good end. Endless punishment, we have seen, would not produce a good end; therefore a good God will not inflict it. As God is good, it follows that in everything He does, He must design some good as the end to be accomplished thereby. A good end cannot be produced by endless pain.

3. "God is love," and "Love worketh no ill." If God is love, and if eternal misery would be an "ill" to the sufferer, God will not inflict it, for "Love is kind." It would not be *kindness* to torment a man for ever. If God were hate, He might torture eternally His children, but until His nature and name are reversed, the doctrine of endless misery is a fable, unworthy the credence of man.

4. God is just. Justice is a rule of right, which in its operation gives every man his due. Consequently a punishment that is just, must always be proportioned to the magnitude of the offence punished. We observe this rule in human affairs. He who commits a slight offence receives a slight punishment. Does not Divine justice operate upon the same rule? Most certainly, else it is not *justice* at all. Now man is a finite being, all his acts must therefore be finite. Sin must be finite in criminality. It would not, then, be

just to punish it with an infinite, or endless punishment. Justice, too, requires the universal obedience of God's law, as much as it demands the punishment of the transgressor. The same justice, then, that punishes sin, will also cause the fulfilling of the law, which is to love God supremely, and our brethren universally. The moral law of God is binding upon *all*, and independent of the claims of justice which will eventually secure the obedience of this law by all. Jesus testifies, that "not one jot or tittle shall pass from the law, *till all be fulfilled*." Now if men are punished eternally for finite sins, it will be unjust; and if all do not obey the moral law of God, it will be unjust. Hence, on the ground of justice, we reject the doctrine of endless misery.

5. God requires men "to love their enemies, to do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that persecute us." Does He do the same as He requires men to do? Not if He torments His enemies eternally; for in this case He does not love them that hate Him. If He does love them, how is His love exhibited? Is it exhibited in the outpouring of the vials of infinite wrath and vengeance, flooding a hell of human kind with burning seas of liquid fire? Surely hate could not treat enemies worse than this. Again, if God requires men to love their enemies, when He hates His, He requires men to be better than He is Himself. Can any one believe that God requires men to do that which He will not do, or to be better than He is Himself?

6. The Scriptures expressly discountenance this notion. "I will not always be wroth."—Isaiah lvii. 16. "The last enemy, death, shall be destroyed."—1 Cor. xv. 26. When the *last* enemy is destroyed, there can be no other enemy to injure or torment mankind.

"Produce your cause, saith the Lord, and bring forth your strong reasons, saith the King of Jacob."—Isaiah xli. 21.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isaiah i. 18.

THE BOY SCULPTOR.

FOUR hundred years ago, in the gardens of the Medici Palace, might be seen a party of the young friends of Piero Medici, who had been dismissed from the learned talk of the savants and artists who surrounded the hospitable table of "Lorenzo the Magnificent," as he is often called.

There had been an unusual fall of snow for the warm climate of Italy, and it lay before them on the ground in that soft, tempting whiteness that school-boys like so well. It covered the statues and fountains, and made grotesque figures of the shrubs, which were cut in curious forms.

"Let us make statues, and decorate this gallery," proposed one, a youth of fourteen.

"Of what?" said another.

"Of the snow," replied the first speaker, named Michael Angelo; and with merry shouts they plunged into the snow, without a thought of their costumes of velvet and lace, carrying it and piling it in masses at different places along the gallery, and shaping it into some rude resemblance of the human form, which did not much differ, I dare say, from the "old snow-man" of the boys of the nineteenth century.

But Michael Angelo saw in the distance the statue of a faun, headless and much injured, which had been brought from some old ruin.

"Ah! I will make a head to this faun," and he began shaping and moulding the damp snow.

As he worked, his companions gathered around him and looked on, forgetting their own sport in watching him, as gradually the head began to appear and grew under his touch into a real face with good features.

Then standing, watching the effect of each motion, "He must be sardonic,—fauns laugh!" said the boy as he gave an upward turn with his finger to the corner of the mouth. "There! that is not bad; and one can always do what one loves. I have drawn in the love of sculpture with the milk of my nurse. Her husband is a sculptor, and, from a baby I have played making statues."

Stepping back to get a good look at his work, he ran against some one, and,

to his amazement, discovered it was the great noble himself, who, followed by his guests, had entered the gallery the youthful artists were decorating for them, while they were so engaged as not to perceive them,

They all stopped to comment on the statues, and approaching the faun, Lorenzo said:

"This is rather the work of one entering upon the career of a master, than the attempt of a novice. But, Michael, do you know that this is a statue of an *old* faun, and the old do not have all their teeth? You have given him more than *we* have. Is it not so, my friends?"

"You are right, my lord;" and, with one stroke, Michael knocked out a tooth and made the hollow in the gum which showed its loss.

Every one was delighted with this intelligent and discriminating act, and applauded him with enthusiasm, showering praises and prophesies of future fame on the young sculptor.

Among the noble guests were his father and his uncle, who had sternly discouraged all Michael's attempts at art, and deemed it an unworthy thing that the heir of the princely house of Canossa should handle the sculptor's chisel even in sport. But now, flattered by the praise of Lorenzo, the great patron of art, they looked smilingly on, and Michael knew, as he rode home that night with his austere relations, that his long-forbidden love of art could now be indulged; the glory of his boyhood's dreams was to become the glory of his life.

Who can tell what forms of beauty and visions of fame flitted through his excited brain, wild with delight of Lorenzo's notice?

Could he foresee the wonderful creations which would make a world stand in silent admiration and awe!

Could he know that under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, the most magnificent Christian temple on the earth, people of all nations would come to do him homage?

Let us follow his career. At nineteen he made a beautiful group in marble of the dead Christ in his mother's lap. He carved the colossal statue of the

young David for the Ducal palace of Florence. He designed, and in part completed, the grand mausoleum for Julius II., the central figure of which is Moses, at which he worked over forty years; and the reclining figures of Day and Night, Morning and Evening, are so much admired that they are to be reproduced on a monument soon to be erected to Michael Angelo at the scene of his labours.

There are but few paintings of his on canvas, for he is said to have had a contempt for easel pictures.

The Pope sent for him to come and decorate the walls of his chapel at the Vatican. The architects did not know how to construct a scaffolding which would enable him to reach the ceiling, and he invented one; and also a curious paper cap, which would hold a candle in the front, and thus leave his hands free to work at night. He covered the ceilings with beautiful paintings of scenes taken from the Old Testament. Thirty years afterwards he painted on the end wall of the chapel the wonderful picture of "The Last Judgment." Thousands of people visit it every year, and gaze on it with reverence and wonder and delight, for it is one of the greatest pictures in the world.

St. Peter's was the closing work of his life. Begun long before, many artists had worked upon it—many architects had made plans for it; but it was left to Michael Angelo to raise the dome, and to leave such a perfect model for its completion, that it now stands as the crowning glory of his fame.

And it was the work of an old man. At seventy, other men generally lay down their life's labour, but he commenced the painting of "The Last Judgment," and the building of St. Peter's was in progress at the time of his death, when he was ninety.

With all his great powers, he was not unmindful of little things. Nothing was too trivial for care. The designing of a crucifix for a lady's wear; the candlelabra for the chapel; the costume of the Papal Guard, still worn, show his minute attention to detail. In all his works we see the same intelligent thought that was manifested in the

moulding of the faun's mouth, his boyhood's triumph.

Nobly was the prediction of Lorenzo de' Medici fulfilled, "that it was the work of one entering upon the career of a master." In Michael Angelo, the Great Master of Art, who at ninety stood among the honoured of the world, ripened all the promise of the boy who, more than seventy years before, modelled the snow-face, for an hour's pastime, in the gardens of the Medici Palace.—*The Universalist*.

NOBODY.

LEFT there, nobody's daughter;

Child of disgrace and shame.

Nobody ever taught her

A mother's sweet, saving name.

Nobody ever caring

Whether she stood or fell,

And men (are they men?) ensnaring

With the arts and the gold of hell.

Stitching with ceaseless labour,

To earn her pitiful bread;

Begging a crust of a neighbour,

And getting a curse instead.

All through the long, hot summer,

All through the cold, dark time;

With fingers that numb and number

Grow white as the frost's white rime.

Nobody ever conceiving

The throb of that warm, young life;

Nobody ever believing

The strain of that terrible strife;

Nobody kind words pouring

In that orphan-heart's sad ear;

But all of us all ignoring

What lies at our door so near.

O sister! down in the alley.

Pale with the downcast eye,

Dark and drear is the valley,

But the stars shine forth on high.

Nobody here may love thee,

Or care if thou stand or fall;

But the great, good God above thee,

He watches and cares for all.

NATURE is the true idealist. When she serves us best; when, on rare days, she speaks to the imagination, we feel that the huge heaven and earth are but a web drawn around us; that the light, skies and mountains are but the painted vicissitudes of the soul.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

GOOD RIDDANCE.—A child on hearing that his mother had lost a long law suit, ran home and said, "Dear mamma, I am so glad you have lost that tiresome thing that used to plague you so."

LOCKE'S OPINION OF THE GOSPEL.—"The Gospel contains so perfect a body of ethics, that reason may be excused from the inquiry, since she may find man's duty clearer and easier in revelation than in herself."—March 30th, 1696.

ANSWERED.—A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of a class examination, "Pray, Mr. E—, how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions he would ask," was the rather stunning reply.

ORIGINAL SINS.—Little Johnny has peculiar views as to original sin. One day he was about to be punished for some misdemeanour, when he pleaded: "It wasn't me, mamma dear; it was the bad man." "Well, Johnny, I'm going to whip the bad man out of you." "Ah, yes; but that'll hurt me a precious lot more than it will the bad man."

A THREE GUINEA SERMON.—A minister who preached on some special occasion in a country town was told beforehand that the people could not afford to pay him more than a guinea. When the service was over he answered the congratulations of the friends with almost a smile of contempt, saying: "Do you call that an eloquent sermon? I should just like you to hear my three-guinea one!"

FRANKLIN AND SIMPLE LANGUAGE.—Tradition has it that years ago, when Benjamin Franklin was a lad, he began to study philosophy, and soon became fond of applying technical words to common objects. One evening, when he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some acephalous mollusks, the old man was much alarmed, and suddenly seizing him, called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came with water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump. They forced half a gallon down Benjamin's throat, then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch and shook him, while the old man said: "If we don't get those things out of Benny, he's pizened, sure." When they were out, and Benjamin explained that the articles alluded to were oysters, his father fondled him for an hour with a trunk strap for scaring the family. Tradition adds that ever afterward Franklin's language was marvellously simple and explicit.

A UNIVERSAL CANDIDATE.—During the polling for the London School Board, a ratepayer arrived breathless and in a state of great excitement at one of the polling stations in Hackney, and said, "I want to vote for a woman." "Ah!" said a friendly voice, "I suppose you mean Miss Miller?" "No," says the ratepayer, "that's not her name; let me sit down and think—I saw it on a placard as I came along. (Thinks aloud.) I have it. Poll Early; that's her!"

A BOY'S NEED.—Among many amusing anecdotes which appear in the journals and letters of Dr. Norman Macleod there is one which he calls a specimen of a boy's theology. It is as follows:—*J.*: "Mamma says that good angels keep good boys." *Aunt*: "Shall I leave the candle burning?" Are you frightened?" *J.*: "Yes—no—yes. Leave it burning." *Aunt*: "What are you frightened for?" *J.*: "Rats." *Aunt*: "Think, dear, about the good angels." *J.*: "Can they kill rats?"

A NOVEL REASON AGAINST A DOG TAX.—"The heart is," we are told, "deceitful above all things," and if we add simple, too, we shall not be very wide of the mark. We read the other day of a little girl who prayed for a piano, and the piano came, it was said. She next prayed for a music-stool, but no music-stool came, and she sulked over it. A similar instance of simplicity transpired at Wandsworth Police-court recently. A barrister was summoned for keeping a dog without a licence. He repudiated the charge, and said the dog was in his house against his will. His foolish wife had prayed for a dog. The dog in question followed his son home, and she actually believed that it came in answer to prayer. Be that as it might, the Act of Parliament made no exemption for God-sends, and a penalty was levied of 25s., with 25s. costs. We really believe there are more crack-brained people out of Bedlam than in it.—*Christian Globe*.

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